

## "BEST MEDICINE FOR WOMEN"

What Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Did For Ohio Woman.

Portsmouth, Ohio.—"I suffered from irregularities, pains in my side and was so weak at times I could hardly get around to do my work, and as I had four in my family and three boarders it made it very hard for me. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended to me. I took it and it has restored my health. It is certainly the best medicine for women's ailments I ever saw."—Mrs. SARA SHAW, R. No. 1, Portsmouth, Ohio.

Mrs. Shaw proved the merit of this medicine and wrote this letter in order that other suffering women may find relief as she did.

Women who are suffering as she was should not drag along from day to day without giving this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a trial. For special advice in regard to such ailments write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of its forty years experience is at your service.

### Direct Shot.

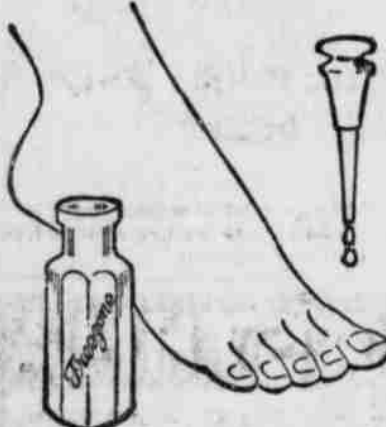
Barrister—Now, sir, you have stated under oath that this man had the appearance of a gentleman. Will you be good enough to tell the jury how a gentleman looks. In your estimation?

Down-Trodden Witness—Well, er, gentlemen looks—like—er—Barrister—I don't want any of your "ers," sir; and remember that you are on oath. Can you see anybody in this courtroom who looks like a gentleman?

Witness—I can if you'll stand out of the way.—London Tit-Bits.

## Lift off Corns!

Doesn't hurt a bit and Frezone costs only a few cents.



With your fingers! You can lift off any hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the hard skin calluses from bottom of feet.

A tiny bottle of "Frezone" costs little at any drug store; apply a few drops upon the corn or callus. Instantly it stops hurting, then shortly you lift that bothersome corn or callus right off, root and all, without one bit of pain or soreness. Truly! No humbug!

### To Collect Toy Statistics.

The toy manufacturers of the United States have been invited by the Smithsonian Institute of Washington, D. C., to gather a complete collection of all American toys that were popular during the war, to be placed on permanent exhibition, and a special committee has been appointed for that purpose.

### Don't Forget Cuticura Talcum

When adding to your toilet requisites. An exquisitely scented face, skin, baby and dusting powder and perfume, rendering other perfumes superfluous. You may rely on it because one of the Cuticura Trio (Soap, Ointment and Talcum). 25c each everywhere.—Adv.

### A Natural Question.

Wear—Did you ever see a dog that would eat dirt? Walker—What? Has some dog been a-bitten you?

## Stop That Backache!

Those agonizing twinges across the small of the back, that dull, throbbing ache, may be your warning of serious kidney weakness—serious, if neglected, for it might easily lead to gravel, stone in the kidney, bladder inflammation, dropsy or fatal Bright's disease. So if you are suffering with a bad back, have dizzy spells, headaches, nervous, dependent attacks or disordered kidney action, get after the cause. Use Doan's Kidney Pills, the remedy that has been tried out for you by thousands.

### A Michigan Case

Alex. Peppier, blacksmith, West St., Reed City, Mich., says: "Some years ago I was a physical wreck from rheumatic trouble. For four months I couldn't move without assistance. My limbs and back felt as though they were crushed. I had little control of the bladder, and the passages were painful. My head ached and I was dizzy. A friend told me to give Doan's Kidney Pills a trial and I did. Eight boxes cured me."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box  
**DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS**  
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

# Green Fancy

By GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

Author of "Graustark," "The Hollow of Her Hand," "Beverly of Graustark," "The Prince of Graustark," Etc., Etc.

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## CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

"I will put my coat over your head. Here is a little electric torch. Don't flash it until I am sure the coat is arranged so that you can do so without a gleam of light getting out from under." He pressed the torch and a bit of closely folded paper in the other's hand and carefully draped the coat over his head.

Barnes read: "Thank God! I was afraid you would wait until tomorrow night. Then it would have been too late. I must get away tonight but I cannot leave—I dare not leave without something that is concealed in another part of the house. I do not know how to secure it. My door is locked from the outside. What am I to do? I would rather die than to go away without it."

He wrote: "If you do not come at once, we will force our way into the house and fight it out with them all. My friend is coming up the -lines. Let him enter the window. Tell him where to go and he will do the rest. He is a miracle man. Nothing is impossible to him. If he does not return in ten minutes, I shall follow."

There was no response to this. The head reappeared in the window, but no word came down.

Sprouse whispered: "I am going up. Stay here. If you hear a commotion in the house, run for it. Don't wait for me. I'll probably be done for."

"I'll do just as I please about running," said Barnes, and there was a deep thrill in his whisper. "Good luck. God help you if they catch you."

"Not even he could help me then. Good-by. I'll do what I can to induce her to drop out of the window if anything goes wrong with me downstairs."

A moment later he was silently scaling the wall of the house, feeling his way carefully, testing every precarious foothold, dragging himself painfully upwards by means of the most uncanny, animal-like strength and stealth.

Barnes could not recall drawing a single breath from the instant the man left his side until the faintly luminous square above his head was obliterated by the black of his body as it wriggled over the ledge.

We will follow Sprouse. When he crawled through the window and stood erect inside the room, he found himself confronted by a tall, shadowy figure, standing half-way between him and the door.

He advanced a step or two and uttered a soft hiss of warning.

"Not a sound," he whispered, drawing still nearer. "I have come four



"Not a Sound," He Whispered.

thousand miles to help you, countless. This is not the time or place to explain. We haven't a moment to waste. I need only say that I have been sent from Paris by persons you know to aid you in delivering the crown jewels into the custody of your country's minister in Paris. We must act swiftly. Tell me where they are. I will get them."

"Who are you?" she whispered tensely.

"My name is Theodore Sprouse. I have been loaned to your embassy by my own government. I beg of you do not ask questions now. Tell me where the prince sleeps, how I may get to his room."

"You know that he is the prince?"

"And that you are his cousin?"

She was silent for a moment. "Not only is it impossible for you to enter his room but it is equally impossible for you to get out of this one except by the way you entered. If I thought there was the slightest chance for you to—"

"Let me be the judge of that, countless. Where is his room?"

"The last to the right as you leave this door—at the extreme end of the corridor. Across the hall from his room you will see an open door. A

man sits in there all night long, keeping watch. You could not approach Prince Ugo's door without being seen by that watcher."

"You said to your note to Barnes that the—er—something was in Curtis' study."

"The prince sleeps in Mr. Curtis' room. The study adjoins it, and can only be entered from the bedroom. There is no other door. What are you doing?"

"I am going to take a peep over the transom, first of all. If the coast is clear, I shall take a little stroll down the hall. Do not be alarmed. I will come back—with the things we both want. Pardon me." He sat down on the edge of the bed and removed his shoes. She watched him as if fascinated while he opened the bosom of his soft shirt and stuffed the wet shoes inside.

Then he said: "You are not dressed for flight. May I suggest that while I am outside you slip on a dark skirt and coat? You cannot go far in that dressing gown. It would be in shreds before you had gone a hundred feet through the brush. If I do not return to this room inside of fifteen minutes, or if you hear sounds of a struggle, crawl through the window and go down the vines. Barnes will look out for you."

"You must not fail, Theodore Sprouse," she whispered. "I must regain the jewels and the state papers. I cannot go without—"

"I shall do my best," he said simply. Silently he drew a chair to the door, mounted it, and, drawing himself up by his hands, poked his head through the open transom. An instant later he was on the floor again. She heard him inserting a key in the lock. Almost before she could realize that it had actually happened, the door opened slowly, cautiously, and his thin wiry figure slid through what seemed to her no more than a crack. As softly the door was closed.

For a long time she stood, dazed and unbelieving. In the center of the room, staring at the door. She held her breath, listening for the shout that was so sure to come—and the shot, perhaps! A prayer formed on her lips and went voicelessly up to God.

Suddenly she flung herself from the stupefaction that held her. With feverish haste she snatched up garments from the chair on which she had carefully placed them in anticipation of the emergency that now presented itself. A blouse (which she neglected to button), a short skirt of some dark material, a jacket, and a pair of stout walking shoes (which she failed to lace), completed the swift transformation. As she slipped to the window, she jammed the pins into a small black hat of felt. Then she peered over the ledge.

She started back, stifling a cry with her hand. A man's head had almost come in contact with her own as she leaned out. A man's hand reached over and grasped the inner ledge of the casement, and then a man's face was dimly revealed to her startled gaze.

## CHAPTER XIV.

A Flight, a Stone-Cutter's Shed, and a Voice Outside.

"Why have you come up here?" She came swiftly to his side.

"Thank the Lord, I made it," he whispered, breathlessly. "I came up because there was nowhere else to go. I thought I heard voices—a man and a woman speaking. They seemed to be quite close to me. Don't be alarmed, Miss Cameron. I am confident that I can—"

"And now that you are here, trapped as I am, what do you propose to do? You cannot escape. Go back before it is too late."

"Is Sprouse where he is?"

"He is somewhere in the house. I was to wait until he—Oh, Mr. Barnes, I—I am terrified. You will never know the—"

"Trust him," he said. "He is a marvel. We'll be safely out of here in a little while, and then it will all look simple to you. You are ready to go? Good! Sit down, do! If he doesn't return in a minute or two, I'll take a look about the house myself. I don't intend to desert him. I know this floor pretty well, and the lower one. The stairs are—"

"But the stairway is closed at the bottom by a solid steel curtain. It is made to look like a panel in the wall. You are not to venture outside this room, Mr. Barnes. I forbid it. You—"

"How did Sprouse get out? You said your door was locked."

"He had a key. I do not know where he obtained—"

"Skeleton key, such as burglars use. By Jove, what a wonderful burglar he would make! Courage, Miss Cameron! He will be here soon. Then comes the real adventure—my part of it. I didn't come here tonight to get any flashy old crown jewels. I came to take you out of—"

"You—you know about the crown jewels?" she murmured. Her body seemed to stiffen. "Then you know who I am?"

"No. You will tell me tomorrow." "Yes, yes—tomorrow," she whispered.

For some time there was silence. Both were listening intently for sounds in the hall. She leaned closer to whisper in his ear. Their shoulders touched. He wondered if she experienced the same delightful thrill that ran through his body. She told him of the man who watched across the hall from the room supposed to be occupied by Loeb, the secretary, and of Sprouse's incomprehensible daring.

"Where is Mr. Curtis?" he asked. "Her breath fanned his cheek, her lips were close to his ear. "There is no Mr. Curtis here. He died four months ago in Florida."

"I suspected as much." He did not press her for further revelations. "Sprouse should be here by this time. I must go out there and see if he requires any—"

She clutched his arm frantically. "You shall do nothing of the kind. You shall not—"

"Sh! What do you take me for, Miss Cameron? He may be sorely in need of help. Do you think that I would leave him to God knows what sort of fate?"

"But he said positively that I was to go in case he did not return in—fifteen minutes," she begged. "He may have been cut off and was compelled to escape from another—"

"Just the same, I've got to see what has become of—"

"No! No!" She arose with him, dragging at his arm. "Do not be foolhardy. You are not skilled at—"

"There is only one way to stop me, Miss Cameron. If you will come with me now—"

"But I must know whether he secured the—"

"Then let me go. I will find out whether he has succeeded."

He was rougher than he realized in wrenching his arm free. She uttered a low moan and covered her face with her hands. Undeterred, he crossed to the door. His hand was on the knob when a door slammed violently somewhere in a distant part of the house.

A hoarse shout of alarm rang out, and then the rush of heavy feet over thickly carpeted floors.

Barnes acted with lightning swiftness. He sprang to the open window, half-carrying, half-dragging the girl with him.

"Now for it!" he whispered. "Not a second to lose. Climb upon my back, quick, and hang on for dear life." He had scrambled through the window and was lying flat across the sill, "Hurry! Don't be afraid. I am strong enough to carry you if the vines do their part."

With surprising alacrity and sureness she crawled out beside him and then over upon his broad back, clasping her arms around his neck. Holding to the ledge with one hand he felt for and clutched the thick vine with the other. Slowly he slid his body off the sill and swung free by one arm. An instant later he found the lattice with the other hand and the hurried descent began.

His feet touched the ground. In the twinkling of an eye he picked her up in his arms and bolted across the little grass plot into the shrubbery. She did not utter a sound.

Presently he set her down. His breath was gone, his strength exhausted.

"Can you manage to—walk a little way?" he gasped. "Give me your hand, and follow as close to my heels as you can. Better that I should bump into things than you."

Shouts were now heard, and shrill blasts on a police whistle split the air. On they stumbled, blindly, recklessly. He spared her many an injury by taking it himself. More than once she murmured sympathy when he crashed into a tree or floundered over a log. Utterly at sea, he was now guessing at the course they were taking. Whether their frantic dash was leading them toward the Tavern, or whether they were circling back to Green Fancy, he knew not. Panting, he forged onward.

At last she cried out, quaveringly: "Oh, I—I can go no farther! Can't we—is it not safe to stop for a moment? My breath is—"

"God bless you, yes," he exclaimed, and came to an abrupt stop. She leaned heavily against him, gasping for breath. "I haven't the faintest idea where we are, but we must be some distance from the house. We will rest a few minutes and then take it easier, more cautiously. I am sorry, but it was the only thing to do, rough as it was."

"I know, I understand. I am not complaining, Mr. Barnes. You will find me ready and strong and—"

"Let me think. I must try to get my bearings. Good Lord, I wish Sprouse were here. He can see in the dark. We are off the path, that's sure."

"Do you think he escaped?"

"I am sure of it. Those whistles were sounding the alarm. He may come this way. The chances are that your flight has not been discovered. Do

you feel like going on? We must wait then to the Tavern. They—"

"I am all right now," she said, and they were off again. Barnes now picked his way carefully and with the greatest caution. He could only pray that he was going in the right direction.

An hour—but what seemed thrice as long—passed and they had not come to the edge of the forest. Her feet were beginning to drag; he could tell that by the effort she made to keep up with him. From time to time he paused to allow her to rest.

"You are plucky," he once said to her.

"I am afraid I could not be so plucky if you were not so strong," she sighed, and he loved the tired, whimsical little twist she put into her reply.

To his dismay they came abruptly upon a region abounding in huge rocks. This was new territory to him. His heart sank.

"By Jove, I—I believe we are farther away from the road than when we started. We must have been going up the slope instead of down."

"In any case, Mr. Barnes," she murmured, "we have found something to sit down upon."

He chuckled. "If you can be as cheerful as all that, we shan't miss the cushions," he said, and, for the first



Holding to the Ledge With One Hand, He Felt for and Clutched the Thick Vine With the Other.

time, risked a flash of the electric torch. The survey was brief. He led her forward a few paces to a flat border, and there they seated themselves.

"I wonder where we are," she said.

"I am inclined to suspect that we are above Green Fancy, but a long way off to the right of it. Admitting that to be the case, I am afraid to retrace our steps. The Lord only knows what we might blunder into."

"I think the only sensible thing to do, Mr. Barnes, is to make ourselves as snug and comfortable as we can and wait for the first signs of day-break."

He scowled—and was glad that it was too dark for her to see his face. He wondered if she fully appreciated what would happen to him if the pursuers came upon him in this forbidding spot. He could almost picture his own body lying there among the rocks and rotting, while she—well, she would merely go back to Green Fancy.

"I fear you do not realize the extreme gravity of the situation. We must get out of these woods if I have to carry you in my arms."

"I shall try to keep going," she said quickly. "Forgive me if I seemed to falter a little. I—I am ready to go on when you say the word."

"You poor girl! Hang it all, perhaps you are right and not I. Sit still and I will reconnoiter a bit. If I can find a place where we can hide among these rocks, we'll stay here till the sky begins to lighten. Sit—"

"No! I shall not let you leave me for a second. Where you go, I go." She struggled to her feet, suppressing a groan, and thrust a determined arm through his.

"That's worth remembering," said he, and whether it was a muscular necessity or an emotional exaction that caused him arm to tighten on hers, none save he would ever know.

After a few minutes prowling among the rocks they came to the face of what subsequently proved to be a sheer wall of stone. He flashed the light, and, with an exclamation, started back. Not six feet ahead of them the earth seemed to end; a yawning black gulf lay beyond. Apparently they were on the very edge of a cliff.

"Good Lord, that was a close call," he gasped. He explained in a few words and then, commanding her to stand perfectly still, dropped to the ground and carefully felt his way forward. Again he flashed the light. In an instant he understood. They were on the brink of a shallow quarry.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Christian Unity.

He who takes hold of one end of the litter on which a hurt brother is prone must not pause to question the name and affiliation of the man who takes hold of the other end.—The Christian Herald.

### Each Works to Same End.

The ease, the luxury, and the abundance of the highest state of civilization, are as productive of selfishness as the difficulties, the privations, and the sterility of the lowest.—Colton

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

## SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By REV. F. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)  
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### LESSON FOR JULY 20

#### THE LORD'S SUPPER.

LESSON TEXTS.—Mat. 26:26-30; I Cor. 11:23-24.

GOLDEN TEXT.—For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till he come.—I Cor. 11:26.

ADDITIONAL MATERIAL.—Mark 14:22-26; Luke 22:14-30; I Cor. 10:14-31.

PRIMARY TOPIC.—Remembering Jesus (Luke 22:19).

JUNIOR TOPIC.—The Lord's Supper reminds us of Jesus.

INTERMEDIATE TOPIC.—The meaning of the Lord's Supper.

SENIOR AND ADULT TOPIC.—Communion with Christ and with one another.

1. The Institution of the Lord's Supper (Matt. 26:26; I Cor. 11:23).

1. Time: It was on the night of the betrayal of Jesus, just after the betrayer had been announced.

2. The circumstances: In connection with the eating of the Passover. At the command of Jesus the disciples made ready the Passover, and while they were eating, Jesus took bread, blessed it and gave it to the disciples.

3. Elements: (1) The bread. This doubtless was the common bread of the Passover feast. (2) The cup. This cup consisted of the fruit of the vine.

II. The Significance of the Lord's Supper (Matt. 26:26-28; I Co. 11:24-26).

Jesus took natural and literal elements and made them to be symbols of his own body and blood. Just as our bread and drink are assimilated into brain and brawn, becoming an integral part of our body, so by means of these symbols the communicant partakes of Christ. He becomes a part of us and we are in him. It is both a memorial and a prophecy.

1. A memorial of the Lord (Luke 22:19). When he went away he left the bread and the cup for the disciples by which to remember him. Those who love him will desire to keep sacred this memorial.

2. To show the Lord's sacrificial death (I Cor. 11:26). He did not die as a hero or as an example of unselfish devotion, but as a substitutionary ransom. On the cross he made explanation for our sins.

3. It is a guaranty that our sins are forgiven (Rom. 4:25). When the believer partakes of these elements his faith is confirmed. "It is a signet of the Son of God attached to redemption."

4. Through them the believer received Christ (I Cor. 10:16). He thereby participates in the body and blood of Christ, becoming a member of his body. Christ liveth in the believer (Gal. 2:20). The Holy Spirit communicates the life of Christ to believers, making them one body, joined together (Eph. 4:16). This union is illustrated by the figure of the human organism (I Cor. 12:12-27); the vine and branches (John 15:1-8); the husband and wife (Eph. 5:25, 26); we are one bread and one body (I Cor. 10:17).

5. A forward look to a completed redemption (I Cor. 10:26). When faith is exercised in Christ, redemption begins, and its completion will take place at the coming of Jesus Christ (I Thess. 4:16, 17). The bread and the cup constitute the keepsake of the Lord until he returns. These elements possess an immense psychological value both as a memorial and a prospect.

III. Qualifications for Participation in the Lord's Supper (I Cor. 11:27-34).

1. A proper apprehension of its meaning (v. 27). Eating and drinking "unworthily" does not refer to the demerit of the communicant, but to the failure of the communicant to grasp its meaning and importance. Therefore, to thoughtlessly engage in this service is to do it "unworthily." Only a regenerated person can discern the Lord's body (v. 29, cf. 2:14). Faith in the integrity of Christ's person and work is essential. Anyone who does not believe in the absolute deity of Christ and his vicarious atonement is an unworthy communicant.

2. Church membership (I Cor. 11:18-22). The Lord's body is the church which is composed of regenerated men and women, united to Jesus Christ as head and to each other as members of that body by the Holy Spirit.

3. Orderly walk. The disorderly should be debarred from the Lord's table, examples of which are the following: (1) Immoral conduct (I Cor. 5:1-13). It is perilous to the individual who is guilty of immorality to approach the Lord's table (v. 30). Sickness and death are oftentimes visited upon such. This explains why some are mysteriously taken away in death. (2) Heresy (Titus 3:10; John 4:2, 3). (3) Schismatics (Rom. 16:17). Those who are causing divisions in the church should be debarred.

#### Right at the Center.

Our habitual thoughts and actions determine our characters and they are made moment by moment. If at the center we are stayed on God the circumstances must be right.—Samuel Fallows.

#### Would You?

Would you remain always young, and would you carry all the joy and buoyancy of youth into your mature years? Then have care concerning but one thing—how you live in your thought world.—Ralph Waldo Trine.

## INCREASE WEIGHT AND VITALITY WITH PHOSPHATE

Nothing Like Plain Bitro-Phosphate to Put on Firm, Healthy Flesh and to Increase Strength, Vigor and Nerve Force.

The average person is beginning to realize more and more that the lack of physical strength and nerve exhaustion (frequently evidenced by excessive thinness) are the direct cause, not only of the failure to succeed in life's struggle for the necessities of existence, but also for the handicap in one's social aspirations. Compare the thin, sickly, angular frame with



At the seaside too, the plump well-rounded figure is most admired.

The well rounded figure which is usually accompanied by the bloom of health and attractiveness.</